

15
840. K 11
16
THE
FEMALE ADVOCATE,

A
P O E M.

BY

W. Wooty

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

And sold by WILLIAM FLEXNEY, opposite Gray's-Inn-Gate, Holborn;
G. KEARSLEY, Ludgate-Street; T. BECKETT and P. A. DE HONDT,
in the Strand; and J. WALTER, Charing-Cross.

MDCCLXX.

T H E

FEMALE ADVOCATE

T H E

FEMALE ADVOCATE

2 SHOULD the male race of ethics come to war,
Arms, and find no ally in their war.

39.
4 13.
Appeal I, as the law, the best of laws,

323.
With due obedience to a milder court,

Where justice, temper, compassion, rights,

And forms to make the sciences and pains

(Although repugnant to the usual way)

Greater than what the criminal can pay

That court, where no despotic chief presides

And law without a king on justice rides



FEMALE ADVOCATE.

SHOULD the male race of critics rouse to war,
Arraign, and find me guilty at their bar,
Appeal I, as the last, the best resort,
With due obedience to a milder court,
Where justice, temper'd with compassion, reigns, 5
And scorns to make the penalties and pains
(Although repugnant to the usual way)
Greater than what the criminal can pay;
That court, where no despotic chief presides,
And law without a curb on justice rides; 10

No judges frown, ~~no counsellors betray~~, I list not
 No — * sits, ~~no — * pleads for pay~~, To load my
 That court, ~~where witnesses are fairly heard~~, Pleas'd,
 No watch, to ~~quirk the meaning of a word~~, The cause
 No rude, ill-manner'd DAVY of the law, 15
 From truth the modest evidence to awe;
 No juries pack'd, no verdict to be sold,
 Or luke-warm conscience ill-exchang'd for gold;
 Where all is more than decent — all polite,
 Yet still consistent with the rules of right; 20
 Where all mankind their grievances present,
 And find redress — the FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

But here let none, to shade our splendid theme,
 Deny the Female Court to be supreme,
 The House of Ladies (*vide* their records) 25
 By Aunciente Graunte includes the House of Lords.

For you, ye Fair! the daring line I pen,
 Write fearless on, nor dread a host of men;

* Whoever the reader pleases.

Your praise I hope, if like the bee I strive,
 To load myself with honey for your hive;
 Pleas'd, and repaid, if You approve my plan,
 The cause of Woman is the cause of Man.

Too long have authors, with inglorious views,
 Debas'd the sacred office of the muse,
 Too long preferr'd, in rank, ill-natur'd lays,
 The shaft of satire to the plume of praise;
 And turning vile apostates from the NINE,
 With most unhallow'd touch profan'd that shrine,
 Which best deserv'd their reverence on earth,
 The brightest pattern of excelling worth: 40

WOMAN, I mean—against whose sacred charms
 Satire hath op'd his magazine of arms;
 With malice unprovok'd his batt'ry play'd,
 And meanly triumph'd in the wounds he made.

Behold yon injur'd beauties in distress, 45
 More than the voice of anguish can express!
 But that expression, which their grief denies,
 Each copious tear, more eloquent, supplies.

Scandal hath pierc'd 'em, and her venom'd darts,
 Drink deep the life-stream of their blameless hearts,
 To pluck the arrows forth, that laid 'em low,
 And hurl the deadly terror at their foe,
 And heal their wounds—be this kind office mine;
 Mine to call forth, and bid these beauties shine
 With light renew'd—like as the darken'd moon,
 Oppos'd by earth, when night hath reach'd her noon,
 Breaks from the dun eclipse, and once again
 With steady lustre gilds the cheerful plain.
 Rise, lovely Mourners! with complacence bend
 Your looks on me—in me behold a friend.
 You and your sex to rescue from disgrace,
 And make detraction unto truth give place.
 The poet's steed I mount, my glove throw down,
 And take it up, who list,
 Let nodding GRAMMAR yawn o'er parts of speech,
 And learn those rules, which she pretends to teach;
 Let poking LOGIC upon tiptoe stand,
 To grasp the fruit that's plac'd above her hand;
 Not think, once think, of pairing on the road;

Let trope-tongued RHET'RIC figure as she will,
 Whilst drops of nonsense from her lips distil, 70
 Drops far more precious than all those, which fall
 In Stephen's chapel, or in Rufus' hall;
 Let nice ARITHMETIC in concert join
 With nicer MATHESIS—let both combine
 Their tables, and be certain as they score, 75
 That two and two *make* not, but *equal* four.
 Let GEOMETRY be busy'd all the while,
 In travelling the earth from mile to mile,
 Curious ASTRONOMY turn up her eyes,
 And break her shins by looking at the skies, 80
 Whilst MUSIC takes her fiddle from the shelf,
 And sits, and plays, and listens to herself.
 Let these, or rather those, to whom 'tis giv'n
 To strut Professors of the lib'ral SEV'N,
 Who having kept their terms, and paid their fees, 85
 Are, by degrees, intitled to *degrees*;
 Who fancy, Knowledge! none can mount thy tree,
 Without the ladder of A. M. or B.
 Who wheel, oh Science! through thy vast abode,
 Nor think, once think, of baiting on the road; 90

Expert as tumblers, who, without a wing,
Fly through sev'n hoops, nor touch a single ring.
Let those be gone, and none but Echo say,
Echo, sweet post! to bear my notes away
To those angelic forms, whose taste to please
I now sit down to touch the fav'rite keys.

Where drone ye? beaux of genius! in what place
Doth each fine gentleman secrete his face,
Abhorring epithets in common use,
As spruce in diction, as in subject spruce!
What groves, ye grove-lings! do ye deign to tread,
Collecting chaplets for AMANDA'S head!
On what smooth hillock tend your nibbling sheep,
Blow your soft reeds and tune yourselves to sleep,
Sweet, gentle THEOCRITES!—or do ye lie
In church-yards, blubb'ring some sad elegy,
Enough to make the honest parson's mare
Suspend her morsel, turn her neck, and stare!
Or to some classic cloister do ye go,
Measuring each verse with even foot and slow,

[7]

Reciting with due tone each line ye frame,

And think your readers will do just the same!

Where drone ye? beaux of genius! that, so long,

WOMAN hath not inspir'd your ardent song.

Some few indeed with HER have grac'd their lays 115

But oh! how scant! how niggard is their praise!

In this a miser's spirit they disclose,

Who grudges each poor pittance he bestows.

Perish such thrift!—When WOMAN asks a boon,

Frugality's a crime—I could as soon 120

Forfake the friend my very heart approv'd,

Or spoil the honour of the girl I lov'd.

At the bare whisper of HER magic name,

A flood of transport rushes o'er my frame.

Something, like genius, seizes on my brain, 125

Supplies its place, and animates the strain.

In thought already I survey the FAIR,

Range their bright troops, and for the fight prepare.

Before such troops whilst I my standard rear,

My beating heart disdains a thought of fear. 130

See! where two **fairly combatants** advance,
 In impious **daring** each presents his lance;
 And now abash'd they **scamper** from the plain
CELIA's soft hand hath **thiver'd** 'em in twain
 Twelve **doughty champions** next in front appear,
 And twice twelve more stand lurking in the rear.
 In vain at **FLORIMEL** the dastards frown—
 She heaves a gentle sigh, and blows 'em down.
 Next comes a dainty **SIR**, with mincing pace,
 Soft creamy hand, and nice cosmetic face.
 In pompous tone his prowess doth he boast,
 Denouncing vengeance on the **FEMALE** host,
 And vows some other method more refin'd
 Should be devised to propagate mankind.
 Up stepp'd **AURELIA** to this haughty brag,
 And gently clos'd him in her knot-ting bag.
 His second next attempts a feeble stand,
 With wit's sharp dagger in his trembling hand,
 The puny champion fair **ROSETTA** sees,
 Smiles at his reedy thanks, and opens knees.
 Crack went the fan of this triumphant Belle,
 And down the dagger and the champion fell.

Now forward rides Lotario with his band,
 Thinking to conquer all with sword in hand;
 But fair Minka gives him such a wound,
 As quite unfears, and brings him to the ground.
 She looks him dead—no weapon can he try
 Of proof to ward the peril of her eye.
 He falls—and from his pocket mount in air
 Lampoons and repartees against the Fair.
 Their chieftain now no more, the rebel crew
 Retire in dread confusion from the view.
 Now smiles and ogles dart along the plain,
 And where they light, a multitude are slain.
 Here lies a chop-fall'n humourist half-dead,
 And there a witling with a broken head.
 Here a conundrum cover'd with a blot,
 And there a hard-bound satire smoking hot,
 The heads of puns, a dull unmeaning string,
 And tails of epigrams without a ring.
 Trophies too poor, too mean to take away,
 For that would stain the honour of the day.
 Thus fancy faintly sketches out the deed
 In shade—but should reality succeed,

I trust, the female army would prevail
 And not a man escape to tell the tale
 Then would I swell the bold poetic page
 In sounding numbers sing th' embattl'd rage,
 Borrow the wing of Fame, sublimely soar,
 And give PARNASSUS one octave more.

Let the grave, solemn, literary Don
 Off with his wig, and put his nightcap on,
 Loosen his collar, and untie his hose,
 The dangling slipper balanc'd on his toe,
 Thinking his vast importance to increase
 By apeing learned slovens in his dress;
 Let him, disdaining the restraint of verse,
 Sit down, in prose majestic, to rehearse
 The rise and fall of states, each nation's law,
 And lead each character he fain would draw,
 Talk much of battles, not as they were fought,
 But as in circumstance he says they ought,
 Put probability in place of facts,
 His judgment ling'ring as his fancy acts,

Smother (not pleased with what plain truth affords) 147
 The fire of action in the smoke of words, 148
 With deep sagacity point out effects, 149
 Before he knows the motive that directs, 150
 And, if he means his writings should be read, 151
 Be sure to bite his nails, and rub his head, 152
 Let him with florid metaphors abound, 153
 Nor heed the sense, so he can catch the sound; 154
 And, taylor-like, new cut the garb of prose, 155
 And dress the monster in poetic cloaths; 156
 With Exploration's candle in his hand, 205
 Before the reader take his knowing stand, 206
 And try to pick his way out, bit by bit, 207
 Through the dark passages of ancient writ, 208
 And as he guides the stranger round about, 209
 Take special care his candle goes not out. 210
 Hemm'd in with Lexicons on ev'ry side, 211
 And almost bursting with pedantic pride, 212
 Let him compile, with trouble, toil, and care, 213
 From choice materials culled the best knows where, 214
 A pond'rous folio, and to fix the eye 215
 Nick-name it—H, I, S, T, O, R, Y.

Facetious scribe! I envy not his name,
Nor wish to stop him on his road to fame.

Let some extol, with prostituted pen,
The worst of measures, and the worst of men;
Assert that crimes are virtues, virtues crimes,
Swing to and fro, and swivel with the times.
Let others magnify each outward charm,
And sing the polish of CECILIA'S arm,
Pay their devotion to the dainty tip
Of CLARA'S ear, or praise her vermilion lip,
Compose rare lines in honour of her eye,
Spying those twinkles, which none else can spy,
Gaze on her breasts, and swear it is the seat
Where VENUS doves have fix'd their sweet retreat,
Call them Love's cushions, pillows of delight,
Where CUPID naps by day, and sleeps by night;
They have their wish—but be it mine to trace
More charms than those which simply deck the face;
To shew that man (however great of thought
In his own sense, with sense however fraught,

Creation's fancied lord! is but at best
 A woman's play-thing, and a woman's jest.
 Let each dramatic candidate commence
 A foreign intercourse with foreign sense,
 From France, from Spain, and fair Italia's shore,
 Of wit, of fable, run whole cargoes o'er,
 Turn laughing Humour from her easy chair,
 And place a sentimental figure there;
 Translate, put in, put out, and on the town
 Obtrude the vamp'd up medley for his own;
 As the spent rake, to make his friends inclin'd
 To think his vigour active as his mind,
 Without compassion, and without regret,
 Adopts the bastard, that he could not get.
 Let these, grown bankrupts in poetic trade,
 Ne'er make, but pilfer scenes already made;
 Like beggars, who, where'er they want a meal
 They can't obtain, are not ashamed to steal.
 In spite of genius, and in nature's spite,
 Let these great folks sad tragedies indite,

At Aeneas's fount, like fillicies drink,
 And then, like other drinkards, think they think.
 Their several stages let 'em all pursue,
 And take the hire, which is so much their due. 260
 Woman's my theme — from her I'll not depart,
 Whilst strength my nerves, and courage fills my heart.
 WOMAN! the richest, dearest pledge of Heaven!
 Whose ev'ry fault by man should be forgiv'n;
 Since her chief faults (which he may blush to own,
 Yet own he must) proceed from him alone. 265
 Is she not born as gentle as the dove,
 By nature fram'd for tenderness and love?
 Mild as the calm, when FLORA's milky show'r
 Plumps the thin plant, and feeds the craving flow'r? 270
 Bending to man's imperious, haughty mind,
 Like the young blossom to the surly wind?
 In fondness equal to the fawning fawn,
 Yet chaste, as moonlight on th' unfully'd lawn?
 Sweeter than zephyr, when from violet beds 275
 More fragrant odours he receives than sheds,
 And cheerful, as the sun in fresh array,
 Prepar'd to run the journey of the day?

Glows not her heart with friendship's holy flame,
 Is there one virtue on the roll of fame,
 She not inherits? Doth not innocence
 Beam o'er her mind its purest influence,
 Man knows this well—hence why with specious art
 Doth the mean villain wind around her heart
 In graceful windings thus the serpent glides,
 Displays his beauty, but his poison hides,
 Though his bright vest a thousand charms disclose,
 His deadly tongue drops venom as he goes,
 And round the stalk of some fair-opening flow'r
 Am'rous he curls, yet curls but to devour.
 With her what need of art hath man, if she
 In disposition was as bad as he?
 No lawless passion her soft bosom stirs,
 For when she errs, by confidence she errs.
 Surrend'ring unto him love's jewel'd crown,
 She thinks his heart as honest as her own.
 When with unwearied treach'ry he hath gain'd
 That gem, which could not fairly be obtain'd,

Detraction's dart he is the first to shoot,
 And wonders at her turning prostitute. 300
 But grant that she for once should walk astray,
 Once tread by choice guilt's flow'ry, thorny way,
 Is one, one single crime, in th' eye of Heav'n
 So hateful, that it cannot be forgiv'n?
 Does not THE BOOK, which Christians should revere, 305
 Tell us that DAVID's an exception here?
 Is it not written fair on truth's record,
 Th' ADULT'RESS stood condemn'd not by OUR LORD?
 Shall then the image of his maker, MAN,
 Dare act regardless of the sacred plan, 310
 Place indignation in compassion's room,
 And bear his vengeance with him to the tomb?
 Wretch! with his own omnipotence made drunk,
 And sunk, almost beneath redemption sunk!
 Hail conqu'ring WOMAN! thou! whose smile or frown
 Hath pow'r to raise man up, or keep him down: 316
 Danger for THEE the warrior dares to meet,
 His laurels brings and lays 'em at THY feet.

Finds all his hardships well repaid in THEE,
 As HECTOR did in fair ANDROMACHE. 320

On THEE our pleasures, not our woes, depend
 From THEE begin, and in THEE only end.

If husbands drink the bitter cup of woe,
 The curst ingredient to themselves they owe.

The jealous without cause deserve neglect, 325
 His wife he cannot love, who dares suspect.

False in his heart himself, he thence infers
 The same base principle resides in hers.

Ye learned men! who this strange thought dispense,
 That none but learned men are men of sense! 330

Produce the best philosopher, who would
 Out-system Nature's system, if he could,
 Tho' Age, turn'd laundry-maid, hath wash'd in snow
 His nodding head, and plaited o'er his brow,

Tho' ev'ry member from its office swerves, 335
 The spirits hobbling with the truant nerves,

When all without, and all within's at fault,
 And the whole fabrick's tumbling into naught,

Enliv'ning WOMAN can diffuse a grace
 O'er the rough ruin of his fallen face, 340
 New life, new motion to his pulse impart,
 And melt the ice, that chills his shiv'ring heart.
 Again the blood, long stagnate, as she speaks,
 Will mount, and fill each crevice in his cheeks;
 Such puppet thoughts dance briskly round his brain, 345
 That he shall fancy youth return'd again;
 And, spite of all his gravity, shall own
 Attraction's centre found in HER alone.

When in a court of justice SHE appears,
 Render'd more beauteous by HER modest fears, 350
 Amidst the circle of the smiling throng,
 From ear to ear what whispers steal along!
 The leering judge begins to feel again
 The nerve elastic, and the throbbing vein:
 Nature, that had for years surceas'd to move, 355
 Prepares afresh to run the course of love,
 Tho' much 'tis fear'd (for arduous is the feat)
 The rider would be distanc'd in the heat.

See ! how the letcher glotes upon her face,
 And sighs to have her in another place ! 360
 How dull he thinks the jargon of the laws !
 For her he'd rather try, than try a cause.
 Awed by her sight, the long-rob'd gentry sit,
 Nor dare let loose the adder of their wit.
 So much HER presence charms, that for a while 365
 The surly Buro wears a rugged smile.
 To cope with HER were vain—SHE always can
 With ease subdue the strongest part of man.

Hail WOMAN ! THOU ! replete with ev'ry grace,
 THOU ! who canst rule, exalt us, or debase. 370
 Wounded by THEE, what will not Man endure !
 THOU art at once his malady and cure.
 For THEE in pensive solitude he roves,
 And sighs his sorrows to the silent groves ;
 There, on the beech, in token of his flame, 375
 With love's engraver cuts THY fav'rite name :
 Then to the deaf memorial pours his mind,
 Kisses each syllable, and hugs the rind.

Anon he frames the soft, pathetic strain,
 Pictures his joy, and images his pain,
 Turns poet all at once, and what the Muse
 Could not inspire, thy potent charms infuse.

In gorgeous state HER matchless form to robe,
 O'er seas we fly, and ransack all the globe.
 For HER the pearl its lucid coat bestows,
 The di'mond lightens, and the ruby glows.
 Servic'd to HER, the elephant uncouth

In woods far distant drops his iv'ry tooth;
 The tortoise creeps deliberate from his cell,
 And for HER use yields up his clouded shell;
 The milk-white ermin, cautious of a speck,
 Preserves his fur, as tippets for her neck,
 Conscious, that not one spot should intervene
 In aught design'd to guard so chaste a scene.

Hail WOMAN! THOU! for whom we draw our breath,
 And bustle onwards to the vale of death;
 For whom we slave, we dress, we dance, we fight;
 THOU spring! that feed'st our fountain of delight!

Favour'd by whom, the soldier takes up arms,
 And dares his person to a thousand harms, 400
 His narrow feet with narrower shoes adorns,
 And bids defiance to the twitch of corns;
 Suffers his temples to be sing'd, nor feels
 The heat that issues from the curling steels,
 Renounces, or at least conceals his fears, 405
 Tho' his locks smoke, and hiss about his ears:
 But dangers such as these he well may bear,
 Whom ball and powder never yet could scare.

For THEE he buckles on the fatal blade,
 Fierce cocks his hat, and shews his fierce cockade. 410
 For THEE in martial trim behold him shine,
 Ready to give a challenge—or decline.
 When ev'ry prudent man is safe in bed,
 And dreams of comfort hover o'er his head,
 In those dull moments, at that sluggish hour, 415

When, tir'd with bus'ness, surly landlords low'r,
 And drowsy waiters, wanting needful rest,
 With half-shut optics, damn each drunken guest,

Thou spring! that feed'st our fountain of delight!

For THEE he watches, gives and takes the toast,
 Most happy then, when he can swill the most, 420
 Full of thy charms, he risks without a dread
 The sick'ning vomit, and the aching head,
 Hazards the consequence of sitting late,
 And all the ills that bumpers can create.
 Surcharg'd with wine, he quits the festive board, 425
 And lifts aloft his formidable sword,
 Then sallies outward, resolute of soul,
 Nor heeds the watchman, or the watchman's pole,
 Stalks boldly on, nor knows a single fright
 From hair-breadth 'scapes, and dangers of the night; 430
 So daring at the last, he ventures nigh
 A Round-house—when the constable's not by.

Hail WOMAN! THOU! who, like the orb of day,
 Canst pierce the gloom, and make a dungeon gay,
 Solac'd by whom, captivity can bear 435
 The scourge of fate, nor once let fall a tear;
 Barr'd of whose social, necessary aid,
 Ambition's mis'ry, grandeur mere parade.

In vain may Glory wave her ensign high,
 With splendid objects charm the swimming eye, 440
 Flood the rich prospect with her dazzling rays
 In vain, if Woman doth not bound the blaze.

Lo ! the poor labourer in his humble shed,
 Water his wine—his feast a crust of bread.
 Proof 'gainst the raging element of air, 445
 His hardy bosom, like a rock, stands bare.
 Blithe to his work, he strides along the plain,
 Nor heat, nor cold, nor cataracts of rain,
 Nor vapours, steaming all their aguish force,
 Can damp his spirits, or retard his course. 450
 Homeward (his task foredone) with anxious pace
 He turns his honest, weather-beaten face :
 And should his provident, his faithful bride,
 By heaven-sent aid the sudden meal provide,
 He feels that genial, inexpressive glow 455
 Which grateful, none but grateful breasts can know.
 He weeps, and weeping with a thankful mind
 Exalts the dignity of human kind.

Surveying then his children and his wife, 460
 Partakes the purest, dearest joys of life
 Worth living for, and on his partner's breast
 Fondly reclines, caressing and caressed.
 SHE, when the daemon of distress is near,
 Allays his grief, and stops the hasty tear,
 Whilst Love's bright sun, in bleak misfortune's storm, 465
 Darts thro' the chinky roof, and keeps their cottage warm.

Behold the MONARCH! whose commanding nod
 May claim the homage of a demi-god,
 When patriot love burns strongly in his breast,
 Blest only when he makes his people blest, 470
 Should faction rise, and wilfully prevent
 The grand atchievement of his fair intent,
 Pour o'er his mind such deluges of care,
 As are too great for royal heads to bear,
 Where shall he fly? from pain where find a screen? 475
 Ah! where—but in the bosom of his QUEEN.
 Heav'n in HER eye, SHE stands with ready aid
 To heal the wound Sedition's dart hath made,

And, worthy of a more than earthly crown,
His virtue props with virtue of her own. 480

Ye BRITISH FAIR ! whene'er ye deign to wed,
Learn an example from the ROYAL BED.
Sure may THEIR love, THEIR friendship sure remain,
Sure as the Bow that gilds th' ethereal plain,
Learn thence—his HYMEN all your paths adorn. 485

With lasting flow'rs, sweet flow'rs without a thorn !

So may his radiant torch, day after day,

Altho' it waste, burn brighter by decay !

Late may the roses of his chaplet fade,

And late retain their equal light and shade ! 490

Long may his mantle glitter on the view,

Long flow with grace, nor change its purple hue !

What motive, JUVENAL ! could thy soul induce

To load the SEX with virulent abuse,

The whole without distinction to pursue, 495

And give to all the vices of a few !

Exempting this, how large had been thy praise !

But this base act hath wither'd half thy bays.

For though thy lines true sterling wit impart,
We plaud the head, whilst we condemn the heart. 500

If thou wouldst flourish in eternal youth,
Bow down, oh Genius to the shrine of Truth.
The richest picture fancy ever drew,
How bright so'er the colours catch the view,
To Judgment's eye in value must decline, 505
If Truth not finishes the bold design.
So Justice weighs it in her even scale,
That scale, where falsehood never could prevail.

To shew that WOMAN in the best of deeds
Rivals proud MAN at least, if not exceeds, 510
That THEY, when no male tyranny controuls,
Have equal parts, and more than equal souls,
Need I unlock the mansions of the dead,
Or through the storehouse of the living tread?
Do not the writings sacred and profane 515
These glaring proofs beyond a doubt contain!

To shew that Man (however great of thought
 In his own sense, with sense however fraught,
 Creation's fancied Lord!) is but at best
 A Woman's play-thing, and a Woman's jest, 520
 Amongst the choice presented to my eyes,
 Let this one instance (though 'tis old) suffice.

'Twas at the royal feast DARIUS gave,
 The great DARIUS, the renown'd, the brave,
 Amidst his subjects in exalted state, 525
 Pre-eminent, the Persian monarch sat:
 Silence commanded—thus he spoke aloud,
 And fix'd th' attention of the splendid crowd.
 Who can resolve this weighty question best,
 ' WHAT IS THE STRONGEST—him will I invest 530
 ' With amplest honours; with distinguish'd grace
 ' A purple raiment shall his body case,
 ' Sweet shall he slumber on a golden bed,
 ' And finest linen wreathe his honour'd head;
 ' A goblet charg'd with Nectar shall he hold, 535
 ' And keep that goblet, made of solid gold:

- ' In stronger token of our love, his neck
 ' A golden chain of ornament shall deck ;
 ' GREATEST shall he be counted 'mongst the great,
 ' And next our person take his kindred seat, 540
 ' Hear this, ye Persian princes ! with applause.
 ' Ourself and you will jointly judge the cause.'

The first (the choicest spirit of those days,
 Some one, like RIGBY now, or whom you please)
 For Wine declar'd, and as he deign'd to speak, 545
 The grape blush'd purple on his studded cheek.
 ' What cannot Wine?—The wrestler it can throw,
 ' Raise the dwarf high, and lay the giant low,
 ' Make the brave cowards, and the cowards brave,
 ' And dart a ray of freedom o'er the slave. 550
 ' Behold him there—Mark ! how he drains the bowl,
 ' The bowl too narrow for his roomy soul ;
 ' And as the stream runs rapid through his veins,
 ' He sings, and jumps, and dances in his chains ;
 ' In that one happy moment, happier far 555
 ' Than all the gang of tyrant masters are.

' What cannot wine?—To sickness it gives health,
 ' To health gives sickness, to the needy wealth,
 ' To wealth afflicting want, to mirth despair,
 ' And smooth-eyed jollity to wrinkl'd care, 560
 ' To narrow minds a more capacious scope,
 ' Clearness to doubt, and certainty to hope;
 ' Curses and blessings in its turn bestows,
 ' Parts the best friends, and joins the deadliest foes;
 ' Tumbles, from all his state, the monarch down, 565
 ' And lifts th' aspiring peasant to a crown.
 ' 'Tis this can dwindle orators to mutes
 ' (Then diff'ring only in their shape from brutes)
 ' Unlock the tongue of silence, and the phrase
 ' Of eloquence, apply'd a thousand ways, 570
 ' Bursts on the startl'd ear, whilst all admire
 ' The sudden blaze of its eccentric fire;
 ' Turn pain to pleasure, pleasure into pain,
 ' Make young men old, and old men young again.
 ' See! from a skeleton but one remove, 575
 ' The wither'd miser tott'ring to his love!
 ' Cheer'd by this juice, he feels his thick, dull blood,
 ' That, like a curdl'd pool, for years had stood,

' Begin to flow—away the dotard hies,
 (Sight's waited lamp just glimm'ring in his eyes) 580
 ' And to her hand that purse he opens wide,
 ' That purse shut up to all the world beside.
 ' These, Wine! are thy effects—then strongest thou!
 ' And who these arguments can disavow?
 His word is law, his instantaneous breath,

Here paus'd the youth:—then up the second rose, 585
 Prepar'd this doughty champion to oppose.
 He rose, like some mean sycophant of state,
 No matter or of past, or present date?
 His theme was MAJESTY—he thought that theme
 Would roll him foremost on the list of fame. 590

' Short are the joys of Wine, and flee away,
 ' Like shadows, ne'er continuing in one stay;
 ' But with the King stability resides,
 ' And round him Pleasure pours her boundless tides:
 ' For him doth Labour ev'ry sinew strain, 595
 ' And combat each vicissitude of pain,
 ' For him the mountains holy myrrh dispense,
 ' And spicy hills their pleasant frankincense,

' Each shrub drops balm, each blossom breathes perfume,
 ' The fig-trees ripen, and the vineyards bloom, 600
 ' And ev'ry corner of the cultur'd earth
 ' To him pays tribute, portion'd to its worth;
 ' Obedient nations listen to his call:
 ' He, though but one, connects and governs all.
 ' His word is law, his instantaneous breath, 605
 ' Life's sweet commission, or the bolt of death.
 ' When he commands his armies to the foe,
 ' Forth to the fight in dreadful pomp they go;
 ' As he directs (so final is his will)
 ' To spare, they spare; and if to kill, they kill: 610
 ' Their daring souls no dangers can dismay,
 ' Nor rocks, nor rivers, bar their eager way:
 ' Cleav'd by their strength, the strong-bas'd mountains quake,
 ' Huge walls are sunder'd, mighty bulwarks shake;
 ' And, Earth! the fruits committed to thy trust, 615
 ' Where'er they pass, they trample into dust;
 ' The peasant's poor inheritance invade,
 ' And leave the havock'd wood without a shade;
 ' Whilst, desolation raging far and wide,
 ' The town, the village, flames on ev'ry side. 620

' This can the King—whilst on the wrecks of time,
 ' By ruin dignify'd, he stands sublime,
 ' His is the conquest, his the treasure'd spoil,
 ' His all the pleasure of the subject's toil,
 ' Nor till it pleases his so potent will, 625
 ' Can the loud-thund'ring voice of war be still.

Then slowly rising with a graceful air,
 Appear'd the blooming pleader for the Fair.
 Ere yet he enter'd on the grand dispute,
 Silent he stood—for rev'rence held him mute: 630
 Then bowing round him with an easy grace,
 The rose of modesty adorn'd his face.

Sweet are the notes, soft-warbled o'er the plains
 When Music's in good humour, when the strains
 In clear transitions lull th' enchanted sense, 635
 Nor one false-varied tone jars harsh offence;
 But his melodious voice was sweeter yet,
 And his bright looks bespoke th' applause he met,
 Collected then, and stretching forth his hand,
 Address'd he thus the ruler of the land: 640

' Great is the strength of Wine, and great the pow'r
 ' Lodg'd in a King—himself a lasting tow'r:
 ' But WOMAN, lovely WOMAN's greater still,
 ' For Kings themselves are vassals to HER will:
 ' So wide HER empire, in one single day 645
 ' Its bounds the Sun himself can not survey,
 ' For when he mounts the orient car of light,
 ' He leaves the western world involv'd in night.
 ' Rough, rugged Man, created to surpass,
 ' Bright WOMAN soothes the rudeness of his mass: 650
 ' To him the CHARMER comes not to devour,
 ' In all the fierce hostility of pow'r,
 ' No rude, no fatal weapon doth SHE bear,
 ' No force to humble, and no frown to scare:
 ' Ah! no—in all the lustre of the morn 655
 ' SHE comes his gloomy mansion to adorn,
 ' Comes in the robes of dignity and love,
 ' As meek, and harmless, as the peaceful dove.
 ' Abash'd SHE looks, SHE trembles, we obey,
 ' And ground our arms, nor dare begin the fray. 660
 ' Are not the race of mortals born of HER?
 ' Who then so rash, but WOMAN must prefer!

- ' Doth SHE not all of us in sorrow bear,
 ' Bring forth in agony, in weakness rear?
 ' Our helpless infancy to manhood breed,
 ' Cloathe us with strength, and with HER substance feed?
 ' Each mutual link that holds the social chain,
 ' 'Tis SHE connects, and labours to sustain.
 ' Where, without HER, would be the tender tie,
 ' The tear, that rushes into Friendship's eye?
 ' Ah! where those heart-felt relatives descend,
 ' Those sweet sensations which on HER depend?
 ' Where brother, sister? Son, or daughter, where?
 ' Those dearest objects that engross our care!
 ' All gone—all lost—and on his shadowy throne,
 ' In pensive state the King might sit alone.
 ' For HER descend we not the golden mine,
 ' And the pure metal from the dross refine?
 ' For HER through life without cessation toil,
 ' Forsake our friends, and leave our native soil?
 ' Let Man attain the summit of his pride,
 ' Still without HER he can't rest satisfy'd.

T H E E N D

' Look at the King—behold APAME there,
 ' And stand convicted by that royal pair.
 ' See! from his head she takes the dazzling crown, 685
 ' And twirls it round, and sets it on her own.
 ' Ev'n now she pats him with her harmless hand,
 ' So sweet a touch what mortal can withstand!
 ' DARIUS cannot—HE whose mighty sway
 ' More than a hundred provinces obey, 690
 ' Cannot withstand it—HE, this earthly god,
 ' See there! lets fall the sceptre at her nod:
 ' The victor's vanquish'd—Doth she condescend
 ' To smile, he smiles—doth she affect to bend
 ' Her haughty brow, the royal captive sighs, 695
 ' And the soul's anguish mounts into his eyes.
 ' Now judge, if WOMAN is not stronger far
 ' Than WINE, ye Princes, or than Monarchs are.
 ' He ceas'd—the roofs resounded with applause,
 ' And WOMAN, charming WOMAN, won the cause. 700
 ' Let Man attain the summit of his pride,
 ' Still without HER he can't rest satisfy'd.

T H E E N D.

This Day is Published,

In TWO VOLUMES, Price SIX SHILLINGS sewed,

T H E
P O E T I C A L W O R K S
O F
Mr. WILLIAM WOTY.

PRINTED FOR W. FLEXNEY, OPPOSITE GRAY'S-INN-GATE, HOLBORN,
Where SUBSCRIBERS are requested to send for their Books.

